Lyſ. Now pritty one, how long have you beene at this trade?

Mar. What trade ſir?

Lyſ. Why, I cannot name, but I ſhall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade, pleaſe you to name it.

Li. How long have you beene of this profeſſion?

Mar. Ere ſince I can remember.

Li. Did you goe too't ſo yong, were you a gamſter at five or at ſeaven?

Mar. Earlier too ſir, if now I be one.

Ly. Why the houſe you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of ſale.

Mar. Doe you know this houſe to be a place of ſuch reſort, and will come into it? I heare ſay you are of honourable parts and the Governour of this place.

Ly. Why, hath your Principall made knowne unto you, who I am?

Mar. Who is my Principall?

Ly. Why your hearbe woman, ſhe that ſets ſeeds and roots of ſhame and iniquity: Oh you have heard ſome-thing of my power,, and ſo ſtand aloft for more ſerious wooing, but I proteſt to thee, pretty one, my authority ſhall not ſee thee, or elſe looke friendly upon thee; come bring me to ſome private place, come, come.

Mar. If you were borne to honour, ſhew it now, if put upon you, make the judgement good, that thought you worthy of it.

Ly. How's this? how's this? ſome more, be ſage.

Mar. For me that am a maide, though moſt ungentle Fortune have plac'd me in this Stie, where ſince I came, diſeaſes have beene ſold dearer than Phyſicke, O that the gods would ſet me free from this unhallowed place, though they did change me to the meaneſt bird that flies i'th purer aire.

Ly. I did not thinke thou couldſt have ſpoke ſo well, I never dreampt thou couldſt; had I brought hither a corrupted minde, thy ſpeech had altered it, hold heere's gold for thee, perſevere in that cleare way thou goeſt, and the gods ſtrengthen thee.

Mar.

Mar. The good gods preſerve you.

Ly. For my part, I came with no ill intent, for to r
doores and windowes ſavour vilely, fare thee well,
peece of vertue, and I doubt not but thy training ha
ble, hold, heere's more gold for thee, a curſe upon h
like a theefe, that robs thee of thy goodneſſe, if tho
from me, it ſhall be for thy good.

Boult. I beſeech your honour, one peece for me.

Ly. Avant thou damned doore-keeper, your ho
this virgin that doth prop it, would ſinke and o
you. Away.

Boult. How's this? we muſt take another courſe
your peeviſh chaſtity, which is not worth a breal
cheapeſt Country under the coape, ſhall undoe a w
hold, let me be gelded like a Spaniell, come your w

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. I muſt have your mayden-head taken off,
mon hang-man ſhall execute it, come your way, w
more gentlemen driven away, come your wayes I

Enter Bauds.

Baud. How now, what's the matter?

Boult. Worſe and worſe Miſtris, ſhee hath heer
words to the Lord *Lyſimachus*.

Baud O abhominable.

Boult. He makes our profeſſion as it were to ſti
face of the gods.

Baud. Marry hang her up for ever.

Boult. The Nobleman would have dealt with
bleman, and ſhe ſent him away as cold as a Sno
his prayers too.

Baud. Boult, take her away, uſe her at thy p
the glaſſe of her virginity, and make the reſt mal

Boult. And if ſhe were a thornier peece of g
is, ſhe ſhall be ploughed.

Mar. Harke, harke, you gods.

Baud. She conjures, away with her, would ſhe